The happy greeting of *Iohn* and *Betty*;

OR,

Nothing better then true love.

Iohn he declares that *Betty* is his dear,
And few there be that can with her compare;
For *Nell* and *Prue*, *Ione* and *Mary*,
There's none of these can please him for to marry.
But *Betty* is the Girl that's civil and chast,
And none but her alone he will imbrace.
The Tune is, Celia's *my Foe*. By *L. W.*

COme sit down my dear,
Until I declare,
How sweetly,
and neatly,
my loves past compare:
For I vow and protest,
That I am not in jest,
Don't deny me,
but try me,
for I love thee the best.

There's many a Maid,
Long time for me staid,
But to Marry
With any,
it made me afraid:
for so many light housewifes,
Abroad now there be,
that ruffles,
and tuffles,
about gallantly.

Thou art honest and poor,
And I love thee therefore,
For I perfectly find
that thou hatest a whore:
And I see thy behaviour
Is civil and just,
thou art witty,
my Betty,
and true to thy trust.

There's many can tell,
I could have had Nell
with a great
deal of mony,
if all had been well:
But mark what unto her
Of late days befell,
by wooing,
and doing,
her belly doth swell.

The happy greeting of *Iohn* and *Betty*;

OR,

Nothing better then true love.

Iohn he declares that *Betty* is his dear,
And few there be that can with her compare;
For *Nell* and *Prue*, *Ione* and *Mary*,
There's none of these can please him for to marry.
But *Betty* is the Girl that's civil and chast,
And none but her alone he will imbrace.
The Tune is, Celia's *my Foe*. By *L. W.*

COme sit down my dear,
Until I declare,
How sweetly,
and neatly,
my loves past compare:
For I vow and protest,
That I am not in jest,
Don't deny me,
but try me,
for I love thee the best.

There's many a Maid,
Long time for me staid,
But to Marry
With any,
it made me afraid:
for so many light housewifes,
Abroad now there be,
that ruffles,
and tuffles,
about gallantly.

Thou art honest and poor,
And I love thee therefore,
For I perfectly find
that thou hatest a whore:
And I see thy behaviour
Is civil and just,
thou art witty,
my Betty,
and true to thy trust.

There's many can tell,
I could have had Nell
with a great
deal of mony,
if all had been well:
But mark what unto her
Of late days befell,
by wooing,
and doing,
her belly doth swell.

Also there is Prue,
One of the same crew,
Which runs great
adventures,
what e're doth insue.
But let them both know,
To their grief and their woe,
They'l be pining,
and whing,
for all their great show.
There's poor honest Jone,
That maketh sad moan,
her love hath
forsook her,
and left her alone.
Oh too many such Knaves,
In the world now there be,
that lyes lurking,
and shurking,
about the City.
Some men and their wives,
Lives disquiet lives,
they scratch, bite,
and fight,
forto go with black eyes.
But example by them,
Thee and I will not take,
for the thoughts
of such doings
do make my heart ake.

There's pretty sweet Sary,
And little short Mary,
which laught at
their sweet-hearts,
to make themselves merry.
They said they would have me
If I would prove kind,
But their trickle,
and fickle,
and turns with the wind.
Such slippery ware,
For it I don't care,
'tis not their
rich portions,
that shall me insnare.
'Tis better take one,
That is honest and true,
then be plexed,
and vexed,
with such a mad crew.
Then come my delight,
Do not my love slight,
for dearly
I'le love thee,
by day or by night.
Ile inclose thee my dearest,
All night in my arms,
thou shalt find
I'le be kind,
and keep thee from harms.

For all the worlds wealth
Or great Cæsars pelf,
I prize thee
more higher,
then I do my self.
Ile not see one hair wronged,
That grows on thy head,
but perform all
my promises
when we are wed.
Then Betty declare,
Canst love me my dear,
and alwaiss
i'le study,
thy heart for to cheer,
For there's ne'r a couple,
In all the City,
shall agree,
like to we,
which is John and Betty.

FINIS.

With Allowance.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.